

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY. PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

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THE RIVER OF TIME.

O, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realms of years,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broadening sweep and surge sublime,
That blends with the ocean of tears!

How the winters are drifting the flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and go
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing,
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as the vesper chime,
And the Junes with the rose are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there,
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the days of life till night!
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "island of soul" be in sight.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

A Lecture Delivered before the State Association of Spiritualists, at Battle Creek, in December, 1874.

BY DR. C. D. GRIMES.

"The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

I quote, from memory, a sentiment I have seen somewhere in the New Testament of the Hebrew Scripture; and I don't remember now whether it was of Paul or Jesus, John or Jude; it is sufficient for me to know that I adopt the truth that I find in it. Neither would it affect this truth, with me, if I should find that it was uttered by Christian, Pagan, Jew or Infidel.

Mankind, in their practices at least, reverse the order of this sentiment, and tell us, so far as their practices go, that they believe the things that are seen are the eternal ones, and that things that are not seen are the perishable; for all their labors, cares and anxieties are bestowed upon the bodily form, to feed, clothe and ornament it, while the real and invisible soul is left to pine in solitude, uncared for, or drowed into insignificance by neglect.

To live is to think; and he who thinks but little, lives but little. To understand the philosophy of living is to understand the nature and power of the spirit; and this opens up to us the processes, of development of both the spiritual and physical being.

This philosophy of ours is the philosophy of causes; not only the comprehension of natural causes, but the realization of natural processes.

To understand the causes of life is to understand the workings of the living principle; and to understand all these we must extend our investigations into the invisible, the occult forces of nature.

Late manifestations in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, especially those of materialization, seem to be arousing the world to renewed interest in the domain of the occult and imponderable forces of nature.

That the forces that are producing the varied phenomena of this vast universe of ours are as invisible as they are effectual has long been acknowledged; but to obtain any knowledge of them was, and is at the present time, thought to be beyond the reach of mortals. Mankind have not been without their theories and speculations in trying to lift the veil which has obscured these mysterious manifestations; but as each retiring decade has passed away, each set of philosophers and investigators has had their foundations swept from under them.

Just so at this present time, the late exhibitions in the way of materialization, have overthrown the opinions and investigations of ages; and philosophers and scientists are looking about to see around what common centre they can gather the fragments of their exploded theories.

The secular press has been compelled to notice these mysterious manifestations, and the common mind has been set at wondering and theorizing to get a clue to these wonderful transactions. The practice of ascribing them to his Satanic Majesty, has grown stale, and the hanging of witches would not be tolerated in this Nineteenth century. Yet all are wondering where we are drifting. The great questions of "what is matter, and what is spirit," are now propounded in good earnest. The common mind turns to the sages of science; the Carpenters, the Tyndalls, the Huxleys of the day. But these sages ignoring real causes, because they do not come through the ordinary channels of the temporary and physical senses, are lost in the mazes of "unconscious cerebrations, polar molecules, and protoplasms," never having risen to the sublime height of seeing a living connection with a great first cause, who not only constitutes the power and the polarity of all molecules, but is the proto of all protoplasms in the universe.

Just here is where Modern Spiritualism comes to our relief, and demonstrates an immortality and a great first cause, after having admitted an immateriality. Spirits have abundantly proven to us that they have a power over the elements, by which they fill up their invisible forms with what we call matter, and thus make of themselves an objective reality to our physical senses; then they will dissolve gradually into an invisible nothingness under the scrutinizing gaze of our physical vision.

Here all the knowledge we have obtained of what we call matter and its laws, if not absolutely contradicted, is materially modified.

One moment we see these materialized bodies stand before us, and they are seen, and felt, and handled, and known to have all the well known properties of matter, such as form, extension, and ponderability; they will walk and talk, and stand upon the scales and show a weight of eighty or one hundred pounds, and the next moment they will disappear, leaving not even so much as a shadow upon the wall.

That instead of having a corporeality and a ponderability of eighty or an hundred pounds avoidpoids, they have none of those well known properties of matter at all. These are stubborn facts that loom up before us, not as spectres, but as bulwarks of strength that challenge the strongest tests of science, as well as the closest scrutiny and investigation.

In every case where these investigations have been had by the first and leading minds of the world, we are taught that what we have learned of matter and spirit, through the medium of the physical senses, some day or other, must be unlearned and learned over again; that the veil that now hangs before the real senses, the senses of the soul, is in some cases partially withdrawn, giving us a foretaste of a better education, that the spiritual, the real senses, are now beginning to open up to us in these late manifestations from the spirit world. No candid mind will deny that the signs of the times are ominous; that a new star of development is appearing; that another babe is about to be born in some grotto of obscurity, and nurtured in the swaddling clothes of poverty; that we are in the feeble light of a brighter day, in the opening morn of a good time coming, "which kings and prophets waited for, but died without the sight."

This rudimental state of our subjectivity to the physical may be the essential trial to unfold the psychical, and thus bring us to a higher plane of truth. Life without thought is a rudimental state and this very discipline of the physical senses, may be the very one that will advance us to higher modes of thought and reason.

Men everywhere believe in invisible forces that they cannot understand. The achievements of electricity are never questioned. The mysterious revelations of the spectrum are never doubted, by which not only the rays of the sun and the fixed stars are picked to pieces and made to teach the composition of distant worlds, but even the paler nebulae whose feeble light constitutes that path in the ether of space, the milky way. These revelations are far more mysterious than those that disclose to us the nature of spirit bodies, spirit organs, and spirit power.

Because the vast realm of spiritual causes is not located millions of miles away in the ether of space, but it is even here in our very midst, and its effects may be seen, and felt, and studied at every family fireside in the land.

The forces of that occult sphere, are not dependent upon the unorganized elements of crude matter, but their subtle and irresistible influences originate and emanate from individualized intelligences of superior rank, in the ascending scale of lives that are marching on toward an infinite creator.

The mysterious operations of the camera, while producing from the rays of light the faithful outlines of your own image, are never questioned.

These rays travel almost 100,000,000 of miles to do that little job for you, and yet they are a substance that you cannot see, nor weigh, nor measure.

These forces are not doubted, even so far fetched, yet while we look away 100,000,000 miles for a ray of light and grow our garden vegetables, we mistrust the powers of our own souls, and that after millions of demonstrations of its power.

Why, is not the soul the measure of all things? Is there not in that invisible essence that makes a servant of the physical body enshrined all the possibilities of the great future?

Are not the manifestations of a divinity within continually cropping out, smother them as you will?

The spiritual and invisible principle is continually marching on. The achievements of a Fulton, a Franklin, and a Morse; the adventures of a Sir John Franklin, a Kane, and a Livingstone, follow each other in quick succession. Man lives to unfold and develop; to conquer and overcome; to conquer a destiny instead of submitting to one; to explode all mysteries instead of becoming willing priests at their altars, as is sometimes taught—not only to discover and open up the secrets of nature, but to conquer her conditions.

It is because the soul is greater than matter that it is able to grapple with and overcome her conditions. If we overcome an obstacle to-day, to-morrow we can overcome a greater one. If we venture on the divine possibilities of the soul to-day, we may venture again and even more to-morrow.

The soul of man is not an organ, but the power that animates all organs; for every action of the physical originates in the divine life of the soul, giving it first a spiritual organic form, and then a physical form.

Prof. Silliman tells us that mind is a force acting upon matter. Then we see our minds propelling our bodies as the steam does an engine, for the motions of the physical body are but the manifestations of the spiritual man. Man when individualized is a universe by himself, containing a sublimation of all essences, and a perfection of all forms below him. His soul being organized from a germinal entity of the God principle or the God life; it is capable of animating and controlling every fibre of his physical body, the same as God's soul is the animating and controlling life of the universe, which is his body, and its motions His language.

There is a hidden living principle that exists in the body of all nature, that is ethereal, imponderable, and invisible to our physical senses, which is the cause of all visible phenomena. What we call causation is always unseen, at least the physical senses can take no cognizance of it. What we see with the physical senses is the world of effects, and what we cannot see with them is the world of causes; and this is the real and the only life. The soul is a spirit life as well as a spirit body, containing and antedating every peculiarity of form and organic function of the physical body; and this is what constitutes the real "I" and the real "you" of every individuality. The whole material universe that we see, is but the ultimatum, the result of spiritual and invisible forces, that are beyond the reach of our physical sight; and we can only study these invisible forces, the same as we do electricity, magnetism, etc., that no one thinks of denying the existence of.

This spiritual and invisible is the soul, the cause; while the physical and visible is the effect.

As Emerson says, the whole physical world is but a spiritual manifestation. The scientific can no longer deny the existence of these forces, simply because they cannot be seen, weighed, and measured.

Why, a thousand Leyden jars full of elec-

tricity would not weigh down one hair. Our physical bodies are only an evolution of the soul; the expression of its force.

Every thing in the universe that lives, lives from an invisible and real power that we call soul; and this power manifests itself into an objective reality, to our temporary servants, the physical senses, which are merely the channels through which the soul gets its sensations.

I said the spiritual body antedated the physical, a fact that can be recognized throughout the whole universe of forms. The rock has a form peculiar to itself, and that peculiarity of form resulted from the nature of the force that aggregated and consolidated its particles into that peculiarity of form, by conserving and balancing the forces in that kind of an equilibrium that gave that particular form.

If we bring now a superior force to bear upon this form, the equilibrium is overcome, the combination is broken, the force escapes, and that peculiarity of form is gone. The oak has its spiritual form stored up in the acorn, long before an objective reality is furnished our physical senses in the shape of the tree. If we cut the chit or germ through the centre, and then bring a strong calcium light to bear upon it, we see not the form of the acorn, but of the tree that is to be.

This is so, because the tree that bore that acorn, sent representative atoms or forces from every part of that tree or portions of its body, that took their places according to the peculiar nature of each; and as they took their position, they gave off their reflection in light and shade.

Just so is the spiritual form of the animal stored up in the egg or ova, then after receiving a positive energy, a superior electrical force, it ultimates itself into the form already in existence, or by building atom after atom into it.

Here we see underlying all these apparently mysterious transactions, the beautiful relations of cause and effect. See how the internal spiritual is the cause, and the external physical is the effect; see how the influx is from the interior to the exterior, from the causes to the effect, or the external correspondences. See how everyone's face is a correct picture of his soul. The strongest characteristics of the spiritual are evolved into the organs of the brain; because the brain is the most attenuated, and for this reason the most positive substance of the body, and the spirit at this point makes contact with the body, magnetism being the first and connecting link.

Here in the brain each attribute has its appropriate organ; the next link being the face, where each passion has its appropriate corner.

Here we can see the emotions and passions of the soul as they sweep over the dial plate, just as the invisible breezes will ripple the face of the placid waters, or the fierce tornado will agitate from surface to bottom and bring up mire and dirt. Look at it when inspired with hope; look at it when excited to mirth; look at it again, when anger rolls its rough, deep surges over it. Do you wish to know what kind of a soul there is inhabiting some material casket you see moving about, look at the dial plate, the human face, where each emotion is put on exhibition, and each passion holds its high carnival. Look at the finger-board if you want to find the road into that soul, and find the good, the divinity within it. Look at this dial plate if you wish to impart a good to it; for you will be denied this privilege, unless you approach upon the right side and are seen through the right window of the soul you are approaching. This configuration of the human face is but a correspondence of the inward life, of the ruling loves which are enthroned at the very citadel of power; where they grasp the helm of the vessel and guide it into rough seas or tranquil harbors, just according to the nature of those ruling loves that stand at the helm.

Who can doubt that the soul governs the body; that mind governs matter, and moulds it to its own conditions? Who then can doubt that the objective reality that we have of matter, is anything more than the effect of spirit power. Bear in mind now the assertion of Prof. Silliman, "that mind, or spirit, is a force acting upon matter."

Can we not see the difference between him who loves and has a regard for the natural and inalienable rights of everyone of the human family, and him who hates everyone, ignoring their natural rights, shutting himself up in the narrow chambers of his individual selfhood, and trying to make the world revolve around self.

The relation of the body and soul is one that is entirely of correspondences; the muscles of the face, as well as the organs of the brain, will respond to the force of the will when the very image of the will will be mirrored forth. The external form being under the control of the central life, where the law operates to adjust external forms to it. Every change in our affectional nature is followed by a change in the organ through which it is manifested; for between external form and internal character or ruling loves, there is everywhere the relation of cause and effect. Do you wish to test these internal relations? then when you are weighed down with sorrow and melancholy, by the force of your will, put your face into that form that expresses mirthfulness and pleasurable emotions, and see how for a time it will drive away sorrow and melancholy, by inspiring in the soul their opposites. When mirthfulness is in the soul, we put on one kind of expression; when grief, another; when fear another.

These emotions first existed in the spiritual, and then they moulded the physical to their several outlines. Matter has no definite form of its own; the shape it assumes is always an "effect," or the result of a spiritual, a psychological cause. Matter, so called, has been analyzed, or resolved into first principles, by French analysts, until they arrived at centres of force, which centres of force are formed by the crossing and dissection of the different lines of radiating forces which I have not space here to enumerate and explain. Newton first described these force centres, "mathematical points or congeries of law." When matter is thus reduced to its primordial elements, all the properties, which caused us to call it matter, are destroyed, such as form, extension, and ponderability. If matter be an entity, can it be destroyed?

Take a piece of zinc, for instance; it has a form, it has extension and weight; throw it into an acid, when disintegration takes place. The form, the extension, and the weight is destroyed, and there escapes a formless, ethereal, invisible and imponderable force. If it be furnished a conductor, as the wire for electricity, it will go around and around the earth with the rapidity of thought, until it meets its counterpart, its "help meet," a negative substance. This force is an entity, and this we cannot destroy. Now to form an atom or molecule, several of these force centres must be aggregated and coalesced together, or their energies stored or locked up in equilibrium, where these forces may lay for ages, unless some superior power, as a solvent, unchain their energies. So we see that all forms of matter are but the equivalents and modification of spirit or force. Hence we see that every psychological action ultimates itself into a corresponding form.

That every form is not only a co-ordination of force centres that are found in the last analysis of matter, but forces that may be recombined or changed into their equivalents in the millions of forms of the universe, representing a life and a controlling power behind them, for among all the changing exhibitions of forms that this supposed matter takes on in the universe, spirit power moulds and fashions it to its own image. Behind every form of matter, exists a master in spirit form, that moulds the external to its own image. This form that now stands before you, is the form of a spirit and not of matter; and every peculiarity of figure that you can notice that makes this form of mine differ from every other form that is before me or in the universe, is just what it is in consequence of the power of that spirit and the nature of that psychological power, that exists beyond the range of your physical vision.

Matter in its millions of forms, is only the result of force; and in the last analysis that human sagacity can invent, spirit, which is expressed by force, is the only indestructible thing in the universe.

If it be the only indestructible, then it is the only immortal essence or principle in the universe.

The forms of matter that we see, constitute the only method in which spirit can express itself to our limited physical senses. The form is constantly vanishing, but the spirit only endureth.

Then what are all these passing forms that we are ever seeing? That every day will pass away? They're not the real being.

Then what is form which is to-day.

To-morrow it is fleeing,
Unless it be the thoughts you see—
These are the real being.

The thoughts you see, why, that is me;
Now think while you are seeing;
Since time began these were the man,
And these the real being.

Now think when time it first began,
Until it shall be ended,
The soul of nature, man, and God,
In this one life are blended.

A great commotion has been produced within the past few months, in consequence of the great inaugural of Prof. Tyndall at Belfast; and we see in flaming capitals, the announcement, "Prof. Tyndall has crossed the Rubicon." I felt a little curious to know what kind of a "Rubicon" this modern Hercules in science had crossed. The result was just about what it was when the mountain was thought to be in labor, for Prof. Tyndall had simply passed the bounds prescribed by bigotry and superstition.

Thousands had crossed this Rubicon before, from the so called orthodoxy to heterodoxy, from supernaturalism to naturalism, from emotion to reason: but this time it was Prof. Tyndall who was found on the wrong side. The orthodox world as usual, considering every new revelation of science or new manifestation of God, as the works of the "evil one;" because in opposition to their notions of revelation, have had quite a time in "firing" at him from almost every coward's castle in the land; accusing him of dozens of false and untenable positions that fail to find in my indictment; and yet I am very far from agreeing with him.

I have not only failed to find him expressing his belief in materialism, but I find him giving that doctrine some of the "unkindest cuts" of all, and just such "cuts" as its advocates have ever failed to explain away.

In his fragments of science, he is made to say, "The facts of consciousness, I think, I feel, will admit of no solution from the mechanical method," i. e. his physical method. "The relation of physics to consciousness," said he, "is indeed invariable;" so that from a given state of the brain, the corresponding thought or feeling might be inferred, and the reverse; but this really explains nothing. The passage from the physics of the brain to the facts of consciousness, is *entirely unthinkable*. "Grant," said he, "that definite thought and definite molecular action occur simultaneously; we have not even the rudiments of an intellectual organ that would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from one to another." The chasm between the two classes of phenomena still remain intellectually impassable. "The materialist," said he, "may affirm that thought as exercised by us, has its correlative in the physics of the brain; but farther than this he cannot go." He is not entitled to assert that his molecular groupings and molecular notions explain the phenomena of mind.

'Tis true that the Prof. finds the forms of matter in existence divided into molecules, and these molecules invested with a power to run into determinate forms; but in reply to the great questions that must be answered in the eternities to come, viz.: whence comes this matter, and whence this power, he frankly confesses that "science is mute." Here some of the orthodox claim that he falls back in a dilemma (which only exists in their imagination,) upon a supernatural God.

Again, if you ask me whether the facts of science have solved, or are likely in our day to solve, the problem of this universe, "I must shake my head in doubt;" that is, notwithstanding we may trace the developing process from form to form, the great fact, the great problem of its being, or by who and by what, and how these great forces began to move and brought a universe into being, are questions upon which science in its present state cannot solve. We may trace the atom, which is an aggregation of force centres, upward through its various aggregations, and groupings, and decompositions, through all the forms in the universe; "but when you ask me as a man of science for the facts of the universe," that is for the causes that brought them into existence, "as a man of science I shake my head in doubt." Is this falling back upon supernaturalism, a God outside of nature? Is it to be supposed that Prof. Tyndall has learned all there ever can be learned in the ages that are to come? that there is nothing more to be unfolded in the long eternity that is to come? If this be really so, then we may as well wor-

ship the Prof. as any other God, for he must be infinite in knowledge at least. As I understand him, science, in its present state of development, cannot account for the facts of consciousness, or show causes that brought a universe into existence. Here is where materialism fails: 1st. In failing to show the facts of consciousness from the play of physical forces. 2d. To account for individuality, and 3d. To show its destruction or absorption. Who or what then can give us the facts of the universe? Can Theology? Why yes, if you take their assertion, "God made it," and when you ask them to formulate, to give the plan, the how, and the wherewith, why, "God made it," and all things are possible with God: and there is the end of the chapter. How much more honorable it is for us to "throw up the sponge" when we are fairly beat, than it is to hide behind supernaturalism, and then give a child's reason, "it is so, because it is so." Why, the granite rock, or any amorphous part of the so called inanimate nature, will give a better reason for its existence than that. But there is as much difference between Prof. Tyndall and a scientific Spiritualist, as there is between physics and metaphysics; and there is another "Rubicon" that he might and ought to pass, and that is the one that he has prescribed in the domain of physics. The fatal error that many make, especially those whose investigations are confined to physics, lies in regarding material forms as substantial entities, whereas they are but the fleeting representatives of principles, whose existence is commensurate with that of the Deity Himself. In the analysis of bodies, it is true that the retort only shows us as remaining, a combination of carbon, ammonia, etc.; but the higher and superior entity that subordinated all others to its control could not be confined in glass retorts, but had eluded the grasp of all analysis and escaped to a higher sphere; for its mission was upward and onward toward its first great cause, its Father God.

The Prof. tells us that "prolonging the vision backwards, across the boundaries of experimental evidence, he finds in matter the power and potency of every form and quality of life, "at the same time acknowledging a reverence for a creator. He is almost inclined to "close in with Lucretius, when he says that nature is seen to do all things spontaneously without the meddling of the Gods."

From all this it is evident that he is just where he says he is, in a fog, and that his science "ceases to be strong," i. e. his physics. He has found the line beyond which it ceases to be strong; and I am happy to hear this frank and manly confession, for when a man has found that the vessel upon which he has taken passage is unseaworthy, he will very naturally look for a better one. Prof. Tyndall is not the man to stop his investigations, and I am firm in the faith, that the next great truth that looms up before his scrutinizing, giant mind, will be in the domain of psychological forces, when he will see and confess that life is the cause of organization into myriads of forms, that are all ephemeral, instead of being the consequences of it. That an atom or molecule is nothing aside from the force centre that organized it, that from the atomic, the indicators of the force centres, come every variety of form that fills the great universe of God.

That, notwithstanding in the atom, there is an intelligence which by association and evolution, there is an increase; yet, that in no one, no, in no million of them, is there a consciousness or an individuality; that while matter as a form and a resistance of force may have an existence, yet that matter as an entity cannot be; that force is a product of the mind or soul, which is the real and indestructible entity that must ever be.

Then having found this new truth, his progressive nature will cross the narrow bounds of physics, and instead of continuing his investigations in the domain of phantoms and shadows, some day in the distant future he will, with a master hand, lay hold of the occult and real forces of the universe, the superior and real entities of life, and new Saviors will be born into these low conditions to elevate and advance the race.

In vain make these mountains, these oceans, this earth;
In vain matter's quickened and bursts into birth;
In vain are all systems and planets in course;
In vain are they all, yea, even this worse.
In vain is the storm, and the lightning's quick flash,
The earthquake's low mutterings, and thunder's loud crash;
In vain are the labors of all nature in strife;

In vain are the efforts to prolong a life;
In vain all affections, and labors of love;
In vain are these lessons that come from above;
In vain upward progressive life may go;
In vain all these changing forms below;
In vain is there born each endearing desire;
In vain do we hope, in vain we aspire;
In vain do we struggle in commotion and strife,
If there be no God, no after life.

Who brought me here without my consent?
Who gave me these hopes without any intent?
Who kindled desires in the depth of my soul?
Who gave me these longings, unless to unfold?
Who gave me the power to wade through all strife?
If there be no God, and no after life.

To stop on this journey when first 'tis begun;
To wade through this life only just for the fun;
To climb up these Alps where there's nothing but up;
To drink all these dregs from the bitterest cup;
To tread round the wine-press of the wrath of some
God;

To endure all these pangs and be kissing the rod;
To blow out this flame as quick as 'tis lighted;
To put out this fire as quick as ignited;
To kill aspirations that make up the man;
To blast all these hopes, to flash in the pan,
Is just what is done if after this strife,
You find there's no God, and no after life.

From the Houston (Texas) Telegraph.
SPIRITUALISM EXTRAORDINARY.
NEW YORK, Sept. 27, 1874.

PERIODICITY—Yes, that is the very word. There is a periodicity attending chills and fevers, tides and camp-meetings. Regular returnings are characteristic of assessors and collectors, and periodic applies to charity sermons, criminal courts and wash days. If it were not for stated times, circuits, cycles and regular periods, this would be a queerly governed world, and there being no regulation or periodicity about things, we would be uncomfortably unsystematic, inasmuch as the sun might take a furlough for a month, and the centrifugal and centripetal forces agree no longer to pull against each other, thereby smashing up this beautiful world and finally disposing of the Kellogg usurpation.

Spiritualism is periodical in its manifestations; that is, it seems to ebb away, or flow back into the sea of the unrevealed for a time, and then flood-tide comes and the billows dash themselves against the rocks of REVELATION and the RATIONAL until the war of these elements becomes a serious thing to consider.

While Tyndall and Huxley, with the hammers of science, are untiring in their philosophical blows on the hitherto received theories of Christianity, and the Mosaic history of creation is treated as a fable, which even enlightened Christians like Bishop Colenso must discard, Spiritualism is rampant, and all over the world its manifestations are so wonderful and startling, that men are bewildered, absolutely dazed, as the evidences accumulate in favor of the reappearance of those who have shuffled off the mortal coil, and ascended to a higher strata, as a balloon flies upward when the aeronaut throws away the vile dust that weighs him down to earth. Up in New England, two plain, stolid sort of individuals named Eddy, being brothers and farmers, have been chosen by the spirits as proper mediums, and through them the spirits communicate. No charge is made for seances, but if you are permitted to come and test these mediums, you are charged eight dollars per week for board. *Materialized* spirits come and talk to you, and you may feel their apparently solid flesh and their palpitating hearts, and then they vanish, sometimes leaving with you a lock of *materialized* hair, and at others making you a present of a portion of their apparel, or leaving with you a flower, just to show you that milliners and mantua makers ply their avocations in the spirit world, and flowers bloom in Eden just like the flowers here.

The published accounts of those who have been to test the Eddy brothers, are in all truth marvelous, and it seems impossible there can be confederates, when the house is a farm house, has been watched while the seances were being had, and from eight to twelve materialized spirits have made their appearance at a time. The dresses of these spirits, as we are told they are, would cost the Eddys a sum of money that their pecuniary condition would not allow, for the calculation is, that over two thousand spirits have made their appearance within the past year in different attire. Then there have been some startling exhibitions of the re-appearance of friends and relatives in one of our Western States through a medium, where fathers and mothers recognized and talked with their children. Brothers and sisters recognized their dead brothers and sisters and friends, those who had been friends in the flesh, all of the materialized spirits, speaking of occurrences which took place when they were in the flesh, and thereby fully identifying themselves.

Then "Katie King," who made such a stir in England, and who, if she was not a materialized spirit, baffled the skill of the most celebrated scientists, to account for her deception, and defied the most searching scrutiny of those who were skeptics. It is true that the Holmeses are said to be humbugs, and the "Katie King," whose "reappearance in America" was announced, was caught by a man watching not long since, as she slowly rose from an asparagus bed, being unable to get into her accustomed place, owing to the precautions of the unbelievers; but then there is a denial, and besides all this, there is the liability of imposture everywhere, which does not

destroy facts or render unworthy of belief those occupying fair positions in society who give their names and testimony on behalf of these spiritual manifestations.

All this by way of preface. I have just returned from witnessing a most unaccountable, singular, and startling evidence of Diabolism, Spiritualism, or magnetic influence, which if exhibited in the days of the Plymouth Rock Puritans, would have consigned the lecturer of to-night to the pains and penalties inflicted upon wizards and witches in the good old days when Salem seemed to be a camping ground of the evil one.

Some time since we had a *mind reader*, in the person of a young man who, by taking your hand, was so influenced that if you thought of anything in the room, he could straightway lead you to it. This was tested by some of the first citizens of the city, and of course science was baffled in any attempt made to account for the strange phenomenon. This evening the lecturer stated that he proposed to select three or four gentlemen from the audience with whom he had no acquaintance, and allow them to choose two persons each, whose temperaments, ages, physical appearances and family histories in part, he would undertake to describe, without seeing the parties chosen; but requiring a fan, hat, handkerchief, or some other article from the persons as he took them in order, as by that means the magnetism was established, and his task made easy. *He did what he promised, with but one partial failure, unless there was collusion, in which case your correspondent is implicated.* The limited space allowed me will not permit of my going into a full description of all that took place. One or two incidents must suffice.

While the gentlemen appointed to select were thinking over who to select, for they did not rise from their seats, Doctor Wilson, the lecturer, a tall heavy-set Western man, looking as little like a Spiritualist as your correspondent looks like a skeleton, pointed to a lady in the audience and asking her for her fan, gave in a few moments a history of her life from the time she was seventeen years of age, fixing dates for all the changes she had gone through, and finally closing by giving an accurate description of her physical health, locating her disease and describing all its symptoms. etc. *The lady said he was correct.* Judge Culver had made his selections, and some article was handed to Doctor Wilson belonging to the lady chosen. The lecturer immediately began by describing the mental characteristics, and then said something like this: "Thirteen years ago I am impressed that there was a scene occurred in which you were an actor. I see you lift your hands and vehemently declare, *I will not do it.* I see papers handed you," etc. This and much more was said, and predictions made as to the future difficulties of those who were heirs to an estate. Judge Culver was asked if he knew the lady; he said he did not, and when she was called upon, she said, through the Judge, that all was true as to what had been spoken of the past.

Several others were enlightened upon their mental and physical peculiarities, and furnished with abundant incidents of their past lives, in the same manner as those were of whom I have spoken. In one instance, the gentleman said his wife was living; he never had any such incidents occur to him as were described, and Doctor Wilson had failed. The lecturer had described a woman, whose age he gave, and all her physical and mental characteristics, who, he said, stood by him and gave him the information he was repeating. It turned out that the lecturer did not say she was the gentleman's wife, and the gentleman admitted the age, color of eyes and skin, weight, temperament, and general disposition were those of his dead sister when living. Now and then the lecturer would stop short, and pointing to some one, say, "I see a spirit at your side which says," etc. In all the cases the parties admitted the truth of what the spirits declared. One old gentleman of eighty years of age, was told that the lecturer was impressed in such a manner that he saw him with the spirit by his side in a foreign country twenty-one years ago. That the spirit saved him from a violent death. It turned out that the old gentleman was a sea captain, was about to be shot in South America twenty-one years ago, and was saved by some distinguished Judge, who died shortly after. Well, suppose, as many will say, all this was fixed up beforehand. Suppose Dr. Wilson and Judge Culver and all concerned got together and concocted the whole thing, to startle folks and make them believe a lie. Suppose the thing is against all reason, and is impossible according to all the laws of science, or is the Devil's telegraph line from mind to mind, or is—anything you please.

I went with my better half unexpectedly to hear this lecture. I never saw Doctor Wilson before he came out on the platform. Mr. Bremond, of your city, came in after the most of the audience had collected, and sat two or three seats behind me. He never communicated with Doctor Wilson, and when he was called upon to select some one, Doctor Wilson had his back turned toward the audience, and I merely, at the request of Mr. B., gave him my handkerchief, which was carried to the lecturer. I give you his first words upon receiving it: "An earnest desire, strong and intense throughout his life, to know whether he will live in a hereafter; a constant disposition to question the justice of a punishment for sins evoked by circumstances over which he had no control, in an existence not of his choosing, living without his consent, and

dying without his choice being heeded." Now, all this might have been said about most men and not been far from the truth; for most of us have to wrestle with this devil of unbelief, if devil it is; but then the lecturer gave dates as to changes in my belief, spoke of parties in my circle of connections *by name*, who more than others controlled me, and read my mind history as well as I could do it myself. He then said he could give to the gentleman his handkerchief, though he never had seen him, and he brought it to me where I sat.

After this a Doctor Mansfield communicated with spirits by simply taking hold of the hands of strangers. One gave her name and said two others were with her, giving their names—all of us knew them well in Houston, in the years that are gone, and I most intimately. I forbore to mention names, for fear it might not be approved by relatives.

The last thing done was the writing of an answer by Doctor Mansfield to a letter sealed tightly in a thick envelope, and laid upon the reporters' table before the audience. This letter was one of many sent up, and was written by a little, practical looking, grain merchant, and ran as follows: "Friend Chisholm, will wheat go up 4 per cent. before September closes?" Signed, "JAMES."

Doctor Mansfield sat as if telegraphing with one hand and writing with the other, and answered thus: "Wheat will not go up more than two cents and a half between this and the 2d of October. Be careful in making purchases." Signed "J. S. Chisholm." Now the letter given was simply to Chisholm without the initials, and yet he signs his name with his initials through the medium. The writer of the letter said he had known Mr. Chisholm years ago in Chicago as a wholesale grain dealer, and it occurred to him to write this letter to the spirit land, as he was engaged just now in buying grain. The practical character of the correspondence created a great deal of laughter, but the faculty possessed by Doctor Mansfield of answering as he did, was wonderful.

Cui Bono. Ah! that is the question. We have outlived the days when men were afraid to investigate, or were prevented by penalties. TRUTH is what we want, and the true man will not shrink from investigation when manifestations invite it. What is this something called Spiritualism? What power is it that some possess of reading another's thoughts, or pulling out the better drawers of the mind and talking to you of things therein contained which you had almost forgotten? Are these men and women who bring you face to face as it were with the departed, agents of Satan, or are they cunning tricksters, and those who listen to them their dupes? Is the best of Books as often misrepresented as it is misunderstood, and may all creeds and religions of all nations and people be accounted for and explained by it, as I heard a distinguished Spiritualist declare? These things are matters of inquiry, and though like children we may be afraid of ghosts, if we grope in the dark, the light only makes us laugh at the objects of our fears when we have procured it. Science has made those things which were once contemplated with awe, the mere playthings of our children. What startled our fathers and mothers, are common-place affairs with us. And it may be, though it is incomprehensible now, that all such exhibitions as I have described as witnessing to-night, may be before this generation passes away, so accounted for and understood as to be quite as little thought of as talking from one end of the earth to the other as rapidly as thought, and predicting with accuracy the return of those fiery and erratic comets which created awe and consternation among those who lived when the earth was young.

Did you ask me if I was a Spiritualist? I answer, no. But I am certain of one thing, there are laws yet to be discovered which will satisfactorily account for these phenomena, or Indian jugglery sinks into insignificance before that displayed in this Western world. H. C.

A VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

[Mrs. P. W. Stephens, Sacramento, Cal., Medium.]

DEAR CHARLES AND EMILY: Pleased that the opportunity is given me to aid and direct your feet in the pathway of life, and counsel you of things regarding the world to come, I improve this evening in giving an account of a voyage made to the moon.

A few months ago a party was organized who designed to make a tour of observation to the surface of Luna. Obtaining permission to join them, I therefore have the pleasure of giving you our observations thereof, as well as what we saw. I will here state that it is very difficult for a single individual to perform one of these extensive tours, as it requires more of the magnetic force vested in the will power than there is generally concentrated in one individual. This being comparatively a small undertaking, it will not be necessary to dwell in detail on our passage, but will devote my time in speaking of what we saw and learned in regard to this satellite. It being a child of the earth it is necessarily much younger, and is governed by the same general principles; its third revolution being its most important difference. In consequence of the rapid revolution of the earth while in her fluid state, a large portion

of matter became detached, the heavier part attracted to and fell back into the parent mass, and was again absorbed, the less dense portions aggregated together, thus forming a nucleus in which was centered the force of centripetal attraction, by which other escaped matter from the earth during her consolidation was drawn thereto. During this infinite period, while the earth was in her fluid and semi-fluid state, elements sufficient escaped from the old, and attracted to this new center to compound the present body of our satellite.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the particular development of the orb, as it evolved through the same general law governing the growth of all terrestrial bodies.

We find that the scientists, who are compelled to make their observations from the material side of life alone, often make great mistakes in the conclusions at which they arrive.

The moon, like the parent, during her early growth, was subject to terrible convulsions, and during the semi-fluid state, before sufficiently consolidated to resist the attractive force of the earth, the body of the satellite was drawn out somewhat oblongly, first by one of its convulsive throes, then this positive attraction taking hold of the projected portion; thus held, it became a fixed condition. So the moon, instead of being a perfect sphere, has upon one side an immense projection. This projected or heavier side naturally turned toward the earth, and the earth's attraction drew the center of gravity from the center of this semi-fluid new world, about five miles from its place. This high region being the heaviest, it continually turned toward the earth. Thus, in the infinite ages which have evolved, the moon has accommodated her axle revolution to her orbital one, thus the present condition has long existed.

The projection of this region is over ten miles in height above the level of any other portion of the body of the moon, consequently extends far into regions of rarified atmosphere—forever wrapt in cold—a barren waste. Convulsions are more frequent and violent on this side than the other, at the present time. This satellite most assuredly has an atmosphere commensurate with its size, but for the above reason it has not been ascertained by observers here. On the opposite side of Luna the atmosphere is salubrious and healthful for animal organization. It is, however, passing through a period of immense growth of vegetable life. The climate is warm and moist, and is inhabited by the animal kingdom. The genus homo exist in this part of Luna, but in a low state of development. There is no portion of the earth that so nearly corresponds with this side of the moon in geological, vegetable, animal and human productions as the continent of Africa.

In consequence of her peculiar axle revolutions, her days are of unusual length; turning on her axis as she does in her orbit around the earth, a day there consists of nearly twenty-nine of ours. At the close of our first quarter of the moon, the evening is approaching on the opposite side. As she falls back from the sun the hemisphere on this side becomes illuminated until we have our gorgeous full moon.

Or when you have her fullest light,
Her other side is robed in darkest night.

The approaching twilight lasts four and a half of our days. The dawn, or approaching morning, the same; and between the rising and setting of the sun it is equal to twenty of our days, or about four hundred and eighty hours. Her days are always of the same length, because the earth is her orbit and not the sun. It effects this hemisphere more than the other. There are no representatives of the light-skinned races—none higher in type than the lower tribes of Africa. In her revolutions around the sun, in company with the earth, there is no marked change in her condition.

With my most earnest wishes for your eternal growth, I bid you adieu for the present.
Your affectionate father,

ENOS GILLIS.

REMARKS.—The writer or medium through whom these communications come, is uneducated, and has all her life been a toiler among men and women. The whole statement is entirely foreign to her, so far as educational developments in that line are concerned. We have many articles of this kind from the spirit world, in which occur words and expressions with correct meaning as well as application in the use of words. Whence comes this intelligence? Is it in the sensate molecule or from Pantheism? Will Prof. Lyon inform us what the difference may be, if any, between Tyndall, Orpheus, and Spinoza? We intend to give occasional articles of this peculiar character from time to time, without assuming any responsibility as to their correctness.—ED.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 30, 1875.

"I am a man and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DUNPAPER CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS EVERYWHERE.

All Post Office orders must be made payable at the Chicago Post Office, to the order of E. V. Wilson.

Readers, we have sent you thirteen numbers of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK; we have been honest in our effort to send you the best possible reading matter within our reach; we have dealt honestly with our patrons, and we feel that we have the right to ask you to renew for thirteen or twenty-six numbers. Besides, we have always been generous in our dealings with Spiritual Societies, ever ready to help you, and at all conventions and quarterly meetings, we have contributed largely for their support. We now call on the Spiritualists of America to subscribe for our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Come up to our help, and we promise you a paper full of truth, and entirely free from slang phrases, or personal abuse. Spiritualism is now a religious science, and as such is destined to surpass all other religious elements or creeds. Many subscribers have sent up their yearly amount of postage, for which we are very thankful. Let us hear from all our subscribers this month; don't fail; don't put off renewals.

All correspondence must be addressed to
E. V. WILSON, Lombard, Ill.

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Readers: This number closes up the time of a number of our subscribers. Sending you full thirteen numbers, we have faithfully kept our contract with all who promised to take our paper. Not over one-half of those who gave us their names, have complied with their promise, while many hundred others have come forward subscribing and paying in advance for our paper.

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK has proved to be just what it claimed to be, a paper "devoted to the best interests of humanity," and entirely free from spleen, bitterness or personality. Our selections are choice ones, and replete with good common sense. Our correspondents have furnished us much, very much valuable matter. The living department is full of life, and the tests given are equal to any in the world.

Our last number, (twelve), is very superior. The visit of the Chicago Times reporter to Memphis, Mo., and what he saw with Mr. Mott, is to the point and very opportune just now, coming as it does, over the heads of the Holmes fraud in Philadelphia, and certainly we can afford to loose once in five times. Profs. Crook, Wallace, and Vasley, genuine; Col. Olcott, with the Eddy's, Simon pure. The testimony of Vasley, Edwards, Livermore, Gillmour, and Fanshaw in the Mumler case, is beyond dispute; and now the Chicago Times, the great paper of the West, gives us the most thrilling account of all these accounts. Surely Mr. Owen and Dr. Child can afford this betrayal; but the Holmeses, can they afford it? We hold not; and now let all true and honest Spiritualists reject these mediums until they prove to Mr. Owen and Dr. Child that the expose is a fraud, and the Holmeses and their phenomena are genuine.

The letter of Dr. Child to the Banner of Light is simply grand, and the best thing we have ever read from his pen; and after reading it, we think more of him than ever before.

Spiritualism Extraordinary, from the Houston Telegraph, is a truthful and not overdrawn account of our meetings in New York city; and every other article is equally full of merit.

Spiritualists, will you not respond to our call? Remember, not for donations, but for

subscriptions for that that you have had of us. If all who have received our paper, under the promise to pay, and have not, as well as those whose time expires with No. 13, will pay up and renew, we will be able to give you a weekly SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, full of good things.

Come to our help; every subscriber renew, and send one new subscriber. If you have not a dollar to send us, send up fifty cents; we will thankfully receive it. Let there be a general response. Our paper commenced on the honest capital of endeavor, and will continue so. We give full value for all we receive. No \$40,000 paid up capital for us to put our hand to, but we intend to have 40,000 paid up subscribers in ten years. Selah! Selah!! Selah!!!

WINNING OUR WAY.

Little by little, back again to the good will of the people, of those we never betrayed, who forsook us, not for what we had done, but from the statements of another, and that, too, without hearing our side.

Strange jury, this of public opinion; there is no soul in it, and little truth; it is cold and callous; has no mercy; never forgives or reasons; it is under the rule of impulse.

Lynch the man, and then ask if he was innocent.

In mathematics, we take nothing on belief; everything on proof. There is no belief in figures; everything is fact, $2 \times 2 = 4$. Public opinion, like Theology, takes everything on faith, and is seldom right. The cry of mad dog, will bring down the hounds of public opinion upon the honest cur who may be watching his master's sheep. So with us, when we were in the gap, faithfully guarding the liberties of the people, the hounds began to bay, and their baying was heard from Maine to Oregon. To-day, the first of the New Year, only the echo of this frenzy of 1874 can be heard.

When Mr. Jones was in trouble; when enemies gathered in his business house and sought to overthrow him, we alone stood by him, faithfully sustaining him, and that, too, in the face of an offer from his enemies to side with them, that was of great advantage to us. We deemed him right, and his enemies wrong; hence our devotion to him and his interests.

When Mansfield was under the ban of public opinion, we espoused his cause. When Mrs. Woodhull was in prison, her press confiscated, free speech trammelled, and public opinion rampant against Spiritualism, we saw the bars down, and the Spiritual Press everywhere in danger, we fearlessly stepped into the breach and opposed Comstock, the arbitrary act of the Y. M. C. A., and defended Mrs. Woodhull against her enemies.

When we found Spiritualist Societies weak, frequently unable to meet their bills, we ever came to their rescue. We have reviewed the past, and in no one case have we refused to do the right, or defend the weak.

Alone, all this summer, we have fought the enemy of free speech, free platform and free press; and in all this battle, not one single paper or writer has espoused our cause. Alone we have won the victory; endorsing no one; condemning error wherever found. We wrote our defense, and offered it for publication, and every Spiritual and Liberal paper in the land refused to publish it. Thus situated we were compelled to issue THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK; and truly and faithfully we have kept before the people our cause, the people's cause; and if they will respond for all the future as they have since we gave to the world our manifesto, our pet, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, will be a success, and such a success as has never before been made.

And now, friends of progress, we call on you to stand by the right; it is all we ask; we know no one person, we only know the many. We ask you to support the right, whatever that may be; will you do it?

Our paper has outlived prophecy, and we trust, hate and spleen. Our enemies gave six numbers public life, we are now thirteen numbers old. The editorial harness begins to set easy on us, and we begin to feel that the public are with us. We have succeeded; that we are thankful is true, but it does not convey our feeling, our soul expression of gratitude. We are to-day in the hands of two great powers: the powers that be, and the powers that are; the one inspires us, the other sustains us in our inspiration. We ask you, then, to help us carry on the work. Many of our subscribers are on short time—will you renew at once?

Send us any such sum you like, from 25 cents up to a full year in subscription, and we will send you back a paper full of truth. Come and help us.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists held their Tenth Quarterly Meeting in Grow's Opera Hall, Chicago, Ill., on the 8th, 9th, and 10th inst., Dr. Juliet H. Severance in the chair. The speakers present were Profs. Lyon, Hollow Globe philosopher and thinker, T. H. Stewart, Kendallville, Ind., the optimist, thinker, and writer of no mean ability, Dr. J. H. Severance, of Milwaukee, an earnest philosopher and thinker, who fully believes in social freedom, woman's equality with man, but condemns lust and sexual promiscuity; Mr. Noe, of Kansas, a clear thinker and socialist; Theo. H. Price and lady, of Kansas, speakers and singers of good repute; Dr. Samuel Maxwell, trance speaker, under the control of a spirit known on earth as Mr. Gordon; Peter West, the test medium and spirit mineralogist; Mr. Caldwell, of Michigan, the materialist and phrenologist; E. V. Wilson, the humanologist, and Mrs. A. Burnham, of Boston, an inspirational speaker of some note. There were present fifty-four delegates from the country, and thirty from the city. Our convention closed Sunday night with a large attendance, and that, too, with a fee at the door of 25 cents. This convention has been an important one, and practical in every sense of the word. The science of Spiritualism, and how to live practically here, looking forward to a higher and nobler life, thus establishing a spiritual science, or learning to live well here in this sphere, that we may become practical men and women hereafter. Order, cleanliness, and harmony with system, was the dominant characteristic of this convention; and when we consider the closeness of money matters, the extreme cold weather—the Thermometer marking 25° below Zero—we feel well pleased with the results of our 10th Quarterly Meeting. Spiritualists, you who did not hear the speeches and arguments at this convention, missed a feast of reason, and lost an opportunity that may not occur again in years. Speakers, is it not worth our while to come together quarterly for consultation, reflection, and comparing notes? The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists has now reached the field of actual work; it is self-sustaining, and a power in the land. We have shaken off the riff-raff elements and the "bitter exclusiveness of pure Spiritualism," and are really resting our cause on scientific grounds.

Prof. Lyons held that spirit and matter were synonymous terms, each dependent on the other; that life and matter were eternal, always had been, always would be, and were subject to law, order, change, and progress. He held that the earth was hollow; the surface only a shell, and the globe not solid. He believed in the molecule theory, and that each molecule held within itself the essence of life.

Mr. Caldwell declared himself to be a Material Spiritualist, or Spiritual Materialist; he believed in Spiritualism for the reason that it was the most practical, as well as rational conclusion, he had ever met. He said, "I am a believer in phrenology, and can tell any man his leading characteristics from his head." He held that the moral, upright man to be a better man than a professor of religion; he believed that he must save himself if he was saved at all.

Mr. Noe urged the Spiritualists to live what they taught, to live honest and practical lives. He held that Spiritualism would become the science of science, through which life eternal would exist in our midst in a demonstrable shape.

Mr. Price spoke on reincarnation; stating, "I have always been, and always shall be; sometime and somewhere. I have lived before in another form," agreeing with Allen Kardee in a certain sense.

E. V. Wilson held he had lived always, not, however, as E. V. W. of to-day, but that the matter and spirit of E. V. W. had always been, but, in other forms and relations, approaching each other until a conjunction of these primes formed and animated the present man. He held that the iron in his physical nature attracted him to that section of country where iron predominated. So in the animal kingdom; the lion, the tiger, the horse and dog had always an attraction for him. In the forests he always felt at home with the oak, the hickory; also, that a certain star had an attraction for him, found in no other star; that the

true love of a noble man was as valuable to him, at the true love of a noble woman; the soul of each was beautiful.

Peter West spoke of his powers as a Spirit Mineralogist, and the mines he had located. He also denounced the Hollow Globe theory, and rejected reincarnation.

Mrs. Dr. J. H. Severance urged upon woman the law of individuality, selfhood, controlling herself in all things. She held that there was little, if any, need of aches or pains. I should be ashamed of myself, doctor as I am, if I complained of being sick. She held that social freedom and promiscuity were two distinct and separate features in life, and in nowise related. I want you to understand we mean by social freedom, just what religious freedom or political freedom means. I endorse the monogamic law of marriage based on love as the true marriage. Let there be a proper generation, and there will be little need of regeneration. Many other wise and good things were said by the Dr., worthy of the careful attention of all who care to know of the law of their own being.

We cannot close this report without saying to the world, that Brother A. H. Williams, acting lessee and janitor of Grow's Opera Hall, done all in his power to make us comfortable during the session of our Convention. Brother Williams will not enjoy Heaven unless the floors thereof are clean and well polished.

The Convention adjourned at 9.30 P. M., on Sunday the 10th inst., subject to the call of its officers in the Spring.

SOCIAL LIFE, REFORM AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

In No. 9 we presented our readers with our thoughts on this subject. In this paper we wish to consider the family circle. To us the family is heaven, and its sacred circle Elysian. Here, and here only, can be found true society, happiness or peace. There are two departments belonging to the family compact—the out-door and the in-door; and while these two departments are one in interest, they are distinct and separate—are unlike in their work or execution.

The man, physically and by nature, is the out-door worker; woman the in-door worker. That either may do the other's work we admit; and yet there is wanting a fitness in each that makes them awkward in the other's place.

We knew a man who for many years had no house-keeper; he worked out-door and in-door. When he got up in the morning, fed his hogs, horses, and cattle, he came to his house to cook his breakfast, redolent with the fumes of the stable and hog-pen. That man has a wife now; a social home; ties that are lasting. When his work out-doors is finished, the work in-doors is also completed. The hot and inviting breakfast, with fragrant coffee, greets him. Compare the two estates of this man, and ask which of them you would accept.

In the first there is no "social freedom;" in the last there is sociality; a generous, worshipful, freedom not to be found outside of the marriage contract; a life that is worth the living.

We can point to many, very many, social homes, under the monogamic law of marriage, where all are free, and peace dwells therein; where the liberty of the wife and husband are guaranteed; where the children are ruled in love, are free, and yet obeying every order of their parents.

We challenge the advocates of sexual freedom to produce one perfect home circle or home where peace, harmony and order rule.

We are tarrying in a sacred home at this writing. In the room on our left sits an aged dame; full three-score years and ten hath she seen and more; her slightest wish is law to her noble son; his wife as attentive to her wants as to the wants of her children. The children—five of them—all ready to wait on grandma; beyond, in the dining-room, the wife is busily engaged in preparing dinner; hopefully, thoughtfully and cheerfully planning and getting ready a meal that will gladden the hearts of her husband and the stranger in the house. In the nursery we hear the merry voices of the children, or their little feet are making merry music on the floor. We challenge the advocates of promiscuity, sexual freedom and the education of the children by the State, to produce a home that will equal the one we have portrayed.

Under the marriage contract, social freedom can exist, and not outside of it. The truly mar-

ried are equals; and equality is the basis of freedom. Love is ever the true incentive to marriage. True marriage is a bond that guarantees to man and woman a stable social home. These homes are many, and are the safeguards of liberty; and wherever the marriage contract is not the basis foundation of society, there is no liberty, but anarchy. In England the marriage contract is more fully recognized than in any other portion of the world; and England to-day is more powerful and stable as a nation through her well ordered family life or marriage relations, than from her army or navy.

The emuets of Paris are the ripe fruit of sexual freedom, lust, promiscuity, and illegitimacy; the great riot in New York originated with men and women who had but few, if any, homes at stake; the failure of the Jewish nation was the result of polygamy, concubinage, lust, promiscuity, and serfdom. And so we may say of every nation that has practiced or sanctioned polygamy or bastardy.

We, in the United States, are drifting toward the gulf of sensualism, from the man of God in the pulpit, "to the maid behind the mill;" and just in the proportion as we lose sight of the monogamic law of marriage and accept of promiscuity and sexual freedom, do we lose national and individual worth, true manhood and womanhood. Our only safety then, is in the marriage law or monogamic contract; a home, sweet home, to which we look for joy, truth, love, welcome, the sacred foundation of society. Let us keep before the world these facts, the grand results of the marriage contract, and our nation's future will be secure.

SPIRIT PICTURES IN A WASH BOWL.

We are in receipt of a photograph from Brother Blanchard, of New Ulm, Minn. On it are several faces; these faces appear in the water after Mrs. Blanchard has washed her hands in it. Hundreds have appeared, and are yet continuing to appear whenever she washes her hands. They come on the bottom of the wash bowl, or whatever dish she may wash in. The one in our possession was taken from the bottom of a tea-saucer, is elongated; hence the main face in the group is a little broad. It is a well defined one, apparently that of a young girl; the nose, mouth, eyes, ears, and hair are well brought out. Around this face are several others in a circle; we counted eleven that we call parts of human faces.

We consider this one of the most remarkable exhibits of Spirit power we have ever met, and our experience has been large indeed. If we understand the process, it is as follows: Mrs. B. usually washes her hands in the dish with soap and water, then after the water has settled, these faces appear in the sediment in the bottom of the dish, after which they are photographed.

This beats Mumler, Doherty and Lewis altogether, and may well be called the wonder of wonders.

Mr. Blanchard is a merchant at New Ulm, and Mrs. B. a lady of refined taste and culture.

What a work this orthodox devil is doing in our time. Eve was nowhere, and Adam a dunce compared with those that Old Nick is now using.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The 10th Quarterly Meeting of the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, came off on the 8th, 9th, and 10th, and was a grand success. All were pleased, and what is more, the Chicago Daily Times and Tribune noticed us in respectful terms; in fact gave us a good report.

We hear good reports of Mrs. Parry's materialization. We are glad of this, and feel safe in saying that there is no Holmes' humbug in this matter. The Spirit Rooms, 237 West Madison Street, under the management of Brother A. H. Williams, can be relied on.

The Bangs children are giving good satisfaction; and we hear good reports from many other mediums, among whom are Drs. Rogers, Maxwell, Flanders, etc.

Mrs. Suydam, the Fire Queen, will make a tour through the Western and Middle States, giving fire tests. We hear that she is to be accompanied by Mrs. Hellen Rogers, the singer.

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is doing well, and No. 13 is a gem, in thought, argument and practical skill.

We are in receipt of "Ought Christians to Debate?" A pamphlet, sharp and incisive. Every Spiritualist ought to read it. It is full of deep thought. Price, 10 cents. A lecture by W. F. Jamieson. See advertisement.

Around the World, or Travels in China, India, Arabia, Egypt, and other Heathen Countries, by J. M. Peebles, 414 pages, Colby & Rich, Publishers, lies on our table. It is a neat looking volume, and as far as we have read it, it is very interesting and in Brother Peebles best style; every Spiritualist in the land ought to read it. We shall speak of it again when more fully digested.

Hon. Gerritt Smith has joined the hosts above; is now with the Gods. He was true and good; the poor man's friend; the oppressor's enemy; the widow's help, and a counselor of all that needed a word of advice. In our boyhood we knew him. Our father for many years was his agent in Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y., overlooking and watching the land interest of this good man. How well we remember the first time we saw him; it was summer, 1830; he wore a broad brim straw hat, linen suit of clothes, with wide shirt collar turned over or down on his coat; he rode a splendid dapple gray horse, and as he dismounted, he asked in a rich mellow voice, Is this the home of Major Wilson; and when we answered yes, he entered our home; the gracious smile and gentle words of greeting he gave our mother won our respect. We loved Gerritt Smith, and all who knew him loved him. He is now an immortal, more noble than when a mortal, and as he blessed all he came in contact with, so is he blessed in the summer land. We of earth life have lost a noble man, but have won an angel, who will not forget us in his home of glory.

E. B. Ward, the true friend of Spiritualism and reform, has joined the angels; and as one, will ever be a watcher on the tower of truth.

Heaven is all the better for the advent of these two great and good men into its kingdom. There are two more angels with the heavenly hosts, pleading for humanity, Gerritt Smith and Eber B. Ward, representatives of earth life.

Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

ADVICE IN OUR HOUR OF TRIAL.

In July last, when everything looked dark, and bitterness ruled for the time; when our enemies were exultant in what they thought to be our overthrow, we were, for the first time in thirteen years, without an engagement. We left home for a long tour in Iowa and Minnesota, not knowing whether we would make expenses or fall behind; and that, too, in the face of the fact that we were under an expenditure of three hundred and fifty dollars a week, and no income save what we earned in lectures, seances, and subscriptions to our paper—THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

We never left our home with a sadder heart. On kissing Mary good-by, we turned our face away, to hide the tears that filled our eyes. "All-a-board," shouted the conductor. And we parted, Mary to our humble home, and we to sink or swim under the hue and cry of "down with the Free-lovers." Had the summons been "all-a-board for hades," it would have been quite as welcome. We had not been seated ten minutes in the car before the helper came, and bade us be of good-cheer. Our soul became glad, our faith renewed. We went on our way rejoicing, and our trip was most successful.

Mary, on reaching home, retired by herself, and the same angel power came to her, from our friends in the summer land, writing thus: "My darling child, my heart is glad to see your faith still lives, and from this time demonstrate the confidence you have in us, thus enabling us to do much we so wish to. Oh, Mary, mine, yours is the faith that brings about results, that can say as of old, 'mountain, be removed,' and remove it must."

"Oh, for earnest soul-workers, working for principle, forgetting all else! Work on, on, in the great problem of Nature, carrying out her laws, thus perfecting man. The mountain before you shall be removed, enemies shall become your friends, crooked paths shall be made straight, and the way be made clear before you.

Though your foes would crush you and yours, yet your united faith and trust in the law of right, will protect you. They cannot succeed, and though it has been very dark, the clouds are lifting, and the very truth shall free you from your foes, whose poisoned shafts shall fall harmless at you feet from this time forth.

"The tide is turning, and will ebb and flow as of old, and ere another moon you will find thou hast not trusted in vain. The times are ominous, the crisis in the world's history is at hand! Prepare, one and all, for it, and stand firm as the rock. Let nothing disturb you, the end is near. A new era in the world's history is soon to dawn, and blessed be those found at duty's post! Man must work, and woman with man, to establish their self-hood, and relation to God and Nature's forces. Condemn none, but rather look within thy self, and see that your foundation is strong to withstand the terrible storm soon to burst upon you.

"Prepare ye, one and all, for it is near, oh, so near, and all seem sleeping. We again say unto all, awake! Awake from you slumbers, and see to the anchors, for the storm is at hand! Stand firm at your post, ye faithful few, for it will soon be over, and you can look out upon the wreck with renewed hope, feeling in your heart to thank God and the angel world that the worst is over,—the veil of ignorance rent in twain, the scale from their eyes will fall, and all shall know the truth as it was from the beginning. Be not dismayed or cast down. Thy sails are set and thou art steering toward the light; and the breakers you will see and go safely past; therefore gird on new strength, and hope on, hope ever, for the end of this strife is near. Sharp, quick and decisive is the battle to be, even now begun; look to it all—that your lamp is kept well filled and ready to light those who in great darkness will find themselves, and know not where to turn, and will come to you for help, whose lamps are well trimmed and lighted."

Thus, readers, were we cheered in this the darkest hour of our spiritual work, and from that day to this we have prospered. Ours the victory, through God and his angel helpers—THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

The angels were with us at our New Year's dinner, speaking and writing us many a word of cheer. Among which came the following through the hand of Wakefield:

A New Year's greeting to you all we give ever watching to prove our love.

In this your annual gathering, feasting the physical man, we take a part, and furnish food for the soul.

You now are all a band of workers, conscripted to carry out our plans, and work with us for progress and the welfare of man.

Thus we greetings send to all our faithful workers; may they ever be watchful and true, listening for our words of cheer.

Thus we guard and protect, trusting to convey to all our ideas of love, of home life in the spheres.

Yes, dear friends, we greetings send on this New Year's day, from our home in Spirit life, for joy is yours, ours, all is joy.

And now our band of workers say to you, press on, never fear; the victory is nearly won, the triumph ours.

And yet there is much to do; the rubbish to clear away, to varnish up the old, and the battered walls to build anew.

Brothers, sisters, friends—all, we ask of you a renewal of your pledge made one year ago, to work in truth with us.

Will you go on in this great work of ours, united be until the reward is won; then at the head of the golden stairs of life we will meet each other; greeting in our eternal home; the band of workers from below, the band of workers from above, united in the Summer Land.

Then, dear ones, united in loving peace, we will rejoice at our heavenly feast, as you in joy now surround the New Year's board.

What rejoicing there will be in heaven and on earth to see harmony and peace reigning all over the land.

Our time is nearly up, yet we wish to say, our plans are now matured, and if conditions can be kept, we will work on and on in your midst, talking by and by face to face, as man with his friend doth talk.

And many shall come from afar to hear and see these wondrous works carried on by our band of spirits in your sphere.

And now, dear friends, we must go, for our media is not well, and we have drawn upon

her vitality over much to make this New Year's call. So read and ponder well, and all your duty do, and, our word for it, you will never regret this happy, happy New Year's call. Meet again with us on January 1st, eighteen hundred seventy-six.

Greeting, we give you, farewell, farewell. From your SPIRIT BAND OF WORKERS.

COUNSEL FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

MY BROTHER: You are overworked. What with your farm matters, and business cares, speaking, and writing for your paper, you are nearly sick. Will you listen to a little practical advice from one of your many friends in spirit life? You need rest—take it; you will be the gainer by doing so. Rest a few days. You have done well, all things considered; your farm has paid a fair rent; your paper is doing well and not running behind, and every month will add to your list many subscribers, therefore rest for a time; you need it. You must not murmur and find fault if all things do not move as you may desire them to; be thankful that you are doing as much as you are for humanity.

What a blessing this paper of yours, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, to the country. It is the child of promise, and is under our fostering care. Be wise, my brother; hold well in hand the soul, and all will be well. We of the spirit world are surprised, indeed, to see the interest taken by your subscribers in reading your paper. Yet a little longer and your list of subscribers will increase to such an extent as to warrant an increase in the size of your paper, and then help will come from a quarter you little dream of. Therefore be of good cheer, and be not cast down, for all is well and you will succeed.

We are taking measures to develop in your home circle several phases of mediumship, of such peculiar phase as to attract the attention of the world. Your companion and children are to become helpers instead of consumers, and then the work will go bravely on. The medium I now write through, after a little, will be more fully able to impart our thoughts to the world than now, and then we will contribute articles for your paper that will cause your readers to pause and ponder well of the truths they hold in hand. Hence, be not impatient or bitter, but work on, work ever—work for humanity. You are now our scribe and worker, with helpers on the right and on the left. Do you fully realize this work you are in? We trust you do. The round trip you are about to make you will find profitable, both in friends and means. Your companion is in full harmony with you, and will help carry on the work of reform. Your sister Paulina is already working for you, and others are coming into the field in your behalf. Be of good cheer and all will be well.

God and the angels bless you. Thus we pray and hope and work here in spirit life. Thus we come to you of earth in the battle strife. Thus we call on all to come to your aid.

From your many friends and helpers in spirit life. LINCOLN.

Chicago, Nov. 30, 1874.

REMARKS.—All unsolicited came this advice, and we frankly admit that we were appalled at the mountain of work before us on the first day of December, as we looked forward from our rest on Sunday, the 29th of November. But when our wise little mate, Farmer Mary, took our hand in her's, and bid us trust in God and the angel world, we were strengthened, and entered the fight with renewed strength. And now this communication from a Chicago medium is of great value to us. It is prophetic, and full of the true spirit, and we will work on, for our cause is a holy one and we shall succeed. Let all true and good men help us, and our paper, our cause, and our truth will be maintained.—ED.

E. V. WILSON—My Friend and Brother: Be not cast down, for the clouds are drifting away and light is slowly appearing. Do you not see that the object of your enemies is to make you retaliate in writing against them? Be guarded, Brother, in what you do; fill your paper with noble thoughts, and not with personalities. Your paper will live, and you will have the confidence and esteem of the people again. Your Friend and Brother,

N. E. DAGGET.

REMARKS.—We found this communication on our table; it is from the spirit of an old friend. We are glad to hear from him, and it is like him.—ED.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.GIVEN BY EDWARD PALMER, DIRECT FROM HIS
SATANIC MAJESTY, "OLD NICK."

CHAPTER X.

Charon continued the story of Esaulon, as follows:

"My good Nicholas, Esaulon hath given thee a most truthful account of what things transpired up to the time of his departure. When Justus and Virtus had accepted the presents at the hands of Ariel, darkness gathered thick and fast around his head, until it overshadowed us all. But a moment, and like the sudden bursting in of the noon-day sun, the forked lightnings flashed, and for a moment parted the black veil that covered us; then with one fell crash, as the darkness shut in upon us, blacker than before, all the thunders united their voices in one long, loud, terrible roar. Such mighty concussions around his head, laid Ariel low; the lightning, in its mad leap, had taken with it the light of his eyes, leaving on his brow in zigzag lines the scar 'Ichabod.' Father bowed his head in grief, and to the uttermost parts of Heaven was heard the cry of his lamentation: 'Why should I suffer this sore affliction? With the first light of morning I will go to Eden, and turn away the man and woman therefrom, lest a greater evil befall thee.' I could stay no longer, so I pressed hard after Esaulon, and having overtaken him, I kept along with him until now."

Charon's tale had filled our hearts with deepest sadness. We all loved Ariel, for he was firm, faithful, valiant; he abhorred whatever seemed to him like baseness; he was too modest to obtrude himself to the exclusion of others, or even to intrude with an opinion that might conflict with the privilege of another; yet, in opposing what he considered an evil, if need be, he would stand alone against all others. Standing upon the immutable law, with which cause governs effect, and wielding truth, while supported by integrity, he drew eloquence from the elements; his zeal, fired by the touch, enabled him to pour forth the unchained hurricane from his soul, convicting all in its wake. O, Ariel! thou art fallen. Why didst thou abandon thy sure foundation? Why didst thou yield to another that weapon which thou alone couldst wield effectually, and to make thy prostitution doubly sure, place in other hands the only means which could aid thee in regaining thy steadfast position? No wonder the elements paralyzed thee, and thy zeal made thee blind.

When I had thus given vent to my feelings, Apollo could no longer restrain his emotions, but grasping his ever-attending lyre, poured forth his soul in song. Amid the rolling of the passing ages, with all their varying scenes of lights and shades: life and death, peace and war, the rising and falling of nations, the morning of liberty, and the long, starless night of hierarchy; amid all the turns and overturns, blending in oblivion, or forever erasing, the words he uttered have remained in my memory, indelible.

O, Ariel! light of the Immortal!
Topmost on the Rock of Ages shining;
Gath'ring round thee Nature's many voices,
And in thee all her powers combining;
On integrity thine own e'er leaning,
All-searching truth leaps forth at thy command;
Whate'er is wrong, or false, before thee flies,
Error's vast host cannot before thee stand,
And when thou hadst attained this higher state,
Wisdom called thee Reason, him to follow
To his temple; there to serve at the gate;
Thus its entrance, by thy presence hallow.
Honesty and Virtue here may enter,
Justice and Mercy, with Candor and Worth;
Inquiry, Doubt, or even Dissenter,
The high in power, and they of lowly birth.
Whether high or low be their condition,
Whether known to Fame, their praises sounded
Far and wide; or in obscure relation,
If on Purity their claims be founded,
To all such, of every name and age,
Open wide and Liberty shall them guide
Unto Discretion, who shall be their page,
To lead them aright, as he may decide.

Beware of Deception, and so of Hate,
Of Treachery, of Bigotry and Sloth;
Admit Industry, and Labor his mate,
And to acknowledge Merit be not loth.
Beware of Tradition, a gray-haired saint,
Who thinks his barren head demands respect;
Hold Superstition back with firm restraint:
What Delusion promises ne'er expect;
Envy and Malice, with Anger and Strife,
Sternly forbid; never harbor Contempt,
Nor Jealousy, who will harass your life;
His twin brother Distrust likewise exempt.
Deny to Pride if to Vanity joined;
If Dignity instead doth him attend,
Admittance to both on thee is enjoined,

Nor with reluctance your welcome extend.
Against Ingratitude be on thy guard,
And Vice as well, in ever-changing dress.
Consider well, your staff of strength regard;
With Caution let Ambition in to bless.
If Avarice admission seek, beware;
Emulation most earnestly desire,
But Prejudice with him must never share:
The first will advance if the last retire.

Fable will come—a quaint old man is he—
Let him step in, thy sword shall set his bounds;
If Adage be near, he strengthened will be,
As this apt teacher some moral expounds.

Veneration often passes this way,
His form is bowed, he looketh to the ground;
If he calls pity take and turn away,
If he beholds thy face 'twill him confound.
With slow, unsteady step, he shuffles in,
No more he wants than what his idol makes.
This temple, so he thinks, has that within,
As he, for it, Religion thus mistakes.
His vision dim, the mirror he can't see,
The reflex of himself he deifies.
How simple his wants, and few they must be,
Whom his own image fully satisfies.
The poor old man now turns about to go;
Little he brought, little he'll bear away;
But one favor he asks you to bestow:
"Tw'll relieve me so much to let me pray."

All such as unto thee seem good, receive;
On such I have my blessings to bestow;
But all those who in mystery believe,
Reject, until some cause therefor they show.

To the voice of Revenge, brother of Hate,
And viler of the two, ever be deaf.
Of one, on thee alone depends his fate,
Thyself decide, if thou admit Belief.

Investigation shall thy wants supply,
With ready hand, from Nature's boundless store;
While Education, who shall with him vie,
Assimulating all, shall make them more.
With Fidelity watching by thy side,
Take thy stand just inside the outer door;
Bid Fear depart, though Ridicule deride,
And drive away whate'er obscures thy lore.

If thou fail not to well perform thy part,
Thou shalt guide all benighted to my door;
With ready will thy light to all impart,
And those within shall love thee ever more.

Ariel heard with Pride what Wisdom said,
With Gratitude and Dignity replied:
"Seeing Honor by thy side, we are led
Thy bounty to confess, our wants supplied."

But Vanity, by Flattery beguiled,
Arose, and pushing Modesty aside,
Whispered: "A servant's place will thee defile;
Ever remain, exalted by my side."

But Justice and Virtue sought to obtain
What Wisdom desired, by Sympathy's aid:
"O, Ariel, hear us! wilt thou refrain,
Since Duty has on us much laid,
To grant to us the favor that we ask,
That thou go with us to help and protect?
How can we, without thee, complete our task?
If Doubt misleads, none but thee can direct.
We must go where Earth unfolds the new-born life,
Planted with our father's tenderest care;
Already its branches, with blossoms rife,
Proclaim that soon abundant fruit they'll bear.
To protect the early fruit from all harm.
Vice and Error threaten to impair it;
Adversity gives us fearful alarm,
Lest in his fierceness he will not spare it;
Neglect may mar it, or Distrust blight it,
Deceit may attack, Despair lay it low,
Or revenge may gather the half-ripe fruit,
And far and wide the seed of Discord sow.
All these, and more, are foes we dare to meet;
Assured are we that these we can repel;
But if Perversion comes, with wayward feet,
Who, but thee, him from Eden can expel?"

Their united voices now ceased to plead.
Ariel, forgetting Vanity's guile,
Came down, as if to do the gracious deed,
But could not bear Contempt's disdainful smile.
"Here, Justice, take my sword, I need it not;
I am out of reach of every foe.
Here, Virtue, take my staff, I heed it not,
Conscious of my strength, my power I know.
Haste ye quickly, from my presence away;
Whither Duty call you, there is your place.
Wait not, parley not, but without Delay
Depart, and ne'er again behold my face."

No sooner had Ariel spoken thus,
Than dark Retribution, with frowning brow,
Laid him low. "The avenger of Justus
I am," he said; "where is thy glory now?"

When Hope saw that Ariel's light was gone,
Fast after Justice and Virtue he flew;
Faith followed close behind to urge him on,
As through the gloom a ray of light he threw.
So, while the star of Hope shall on them shine,
Justice and Virtue will their vigils keep;
Around unfolding life their arms entwine,
Until the dawn, when Man the fruit shall reap.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

WHAT ARE THE BENEFITS OF MEMORY.

AND HOW CAN IT BE CULTIVATED?

Memory, the great lever which ever prompts us of our interior thoughts and outward deeds, not one atom of our life escapes this master of being; many are its benefits. As the waves of experience are ever passing around us, sometimes we are almost swallowed in their vortex. Memory then points to the past with

a finger of warning, and saves us from the repetition of trouble.

The human mind is uplifted and exalted by the delights of well-doing, and as sweet as the mellow glow of the setting sun, is the memory of a beautiful life of love and truth.

As the soul of each human being is placed here to expand and aspire, so is memory to expand and unfold upon all of the events of life. Memory can only be cultivated as we cultivate ourselves. By past experiences it is a loving life with all of us; we cannot evade it, or still its voice of praise or censure; it stands boldly out, facing us with its vivid reflections; tracing every outline of imperfection or beauty; sparing neither high or low, rich or poor. It is a mirror of the finest quality and cutting, and is subject to all of the lights and shades of distortion or exquisite grace. Memory is a reflex of the development of the soul.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

TO SPIRITUALISTS EVERYWHERE.

BROTHER WILSON: As circumstances which we could not control prevented us from accepting your kind invitation to attend your meeting (the Northern Ill. Association), and as we were afterwards appointed one of a committee of three to confer with the same regarding the proposed project of establishing a "Home" for supernaturated speakers and mediums, as also for the purpose of devising some better plan or system, whereby we may more properly educate our young; but being disappointed by our inability of meeting yourself and others, upon that occasion, in person, and expressing our views upon the aforesaid subjects, we will therefore endeavor to present through the columns of your excellent paper, briefly as possible, some of the many thoughts which crowd in upon our mind.

Believing as we do, that there now exists a necessity and just demand for practical work in this direction, by all Spiritualists who have a loving regard for the good of humanity at heart; especially should we remember those who have worn themselves out, as mere machines, in one sense, sacrificing their all, time, talent and money, and sometimes (unjustly) their good name, to convey to our skeptical or disconsolate minds the glad tidings of our true philosophy—the soul's immortality, and sweet spirit communion with our departed. All this being satisfactorily established by our "media," it seems to me but honorable, to say the least, that the great mass of Spiritualists throughout the nation should immediately concentrate their forces, and contribute liberally (such as consistently can) for said purpose, and thus compensate in a measure the valuable services hitherto rendered us, and for which we have as yet only sparingly or grudgingly remunerated. And to you, Brother Wilson, we would first return our sincere thanks for the noble impulse which actuates your efforts in this grand purpose; for well we realize how much one has to contend with who first originates an idea, and starts out in earnest, bent upon accomplishing any humane purpose, which appeals directly to the pocket as well as the hearts of a people.

Since you first proposed the subject, we have conversed with quite a number of leading Spiritualists, consequently have listened to their manifold objections, which clearly shows to us that there is much to be done ere the people are sufficiently awakened and interested in the matter to aid by bestowing the requisite funds. Some of these objections we propose to answer, either by suggestions or otherwise, while a few are not unfounded or unreasonable. In doing this we shall perchance call out the ill-will of some Spiritualists, speakers and mediums also, but we shall candidly express ourself nevertheless, feeling that only by plain talk can we hope to arrive at a true and just estimate of the needs of our object. Much there is to be said on both sides, of which we can only treat in part in one article.

While we would encourage all to cultivate whatever talent or good gifts they may possess, for the further development of their spiritual and mental welfare, thereby fitting them to lend a helping hand to others, yet we can but feel that the number of mediums and public lecturers (who now devote all their time to these callings) should be greatly diminished, and that they should spend a portion of their time, sufficient to gain a decent livelihood, in manual labor; for we do know that one-third of the professional mediums of to-day, who undertake to earn their living by such means, as well as a large number of speakers, who

think they are fitted for the calling, consequently seek to do nothing more, are not oftentimes half as well fitted or qualified for becoming teachers, either morally or intellectually, as those whom they expect to entertain and support them. By this we allude to a class, generally moneyless, who travel about the country complaining: "That Spiritualists think they know too much to be taught by them;" or if they do not impose themselves upon an audience sufficiently to gain a hearing, growl in a dissatisfied manner, "The people are too selfish and stingy to pay them," while the audience feel they have already paid pretty dearly by giving their time and attention. We think the public are generally ready and willing enough to pay, generously for that which instructs and interests, or amuses them, and in our opinion, those speakers or mediums who cannot make the business pay, can rest assured they have mistaken their mission, and had best speedily change their course.

Such objections as the above, we hear most often repeated in regard to your proposed "Home;" coming from a class who "work for a living," and feel they can hardly support their families, without being bored by the above named incessant callers; therefore we have spoken plainly, presenting our suggestion, for with the reduction of such from our midst, those better qualified and more acceptable would not to-day find themselves so greatly in want or need, or entirely driven from out the lecture field, as is frequently the case, especially if they happen to be at all diffident—such results being brought about by the good intention on the part of the people, who injudiciously seek to deal justly by and encourage all alike.

Of course the foregoing does not supersede the actual demand and need of such a home as you propose, for the relief of such as are already supernaturated, or the sick and weary worn, even though they may have mistaken their strength and ability to ascend the summit of a desired goal, and thereby fallen helpless by the wayside. All such should be properly cared for and kindly nourished.

All are aware that it is not the wealthier classes who give most freely to further any philanthropic effort to relieve the suffering or oppressed in any form, but for the most part, the weight of such acts falls heavily upon those of limited means—those who, through a common necessity, have been made to feel for another's woe. The former, and wealthy class, in quite too many cases, sit idly by, enjoying their ease and luxury, boasting loudly of their superior wisdom and virtue; pointing, it may be, the finger of scorn at some less fortunate sister, who, perchance, in her public career, has not at all times been sufficiently successful to acquire a competency in a pecuniary way, and has therefore stultified reason and better judgment, and sold her soul to obtain the necessary food and raiment. To such heartless and unfeeling aristocrats, those to whom the "golden rule," in its practical beauties, is a thing unknown, we would say, remember the words of Victor Hugo: "It is not the murderer and sinning which are most to be blamed, but they who create the darkness."

Another instance we will mention: During the past summer and fall, one of our very best lady lecturers has actually toiled week by week in a heated kitchen, whereby to earn an honest livelihood. Of course we do not consider our sister degraded thereby, and certainly the kitchen was not degraded by her presence, but we who have missed her from our rostrum are the losers. Let us look to it, throughout the length and breadth of our land, that we may never, never again compel such an eloquent advocate of our glorious cause to occupy the place of Bridget, simply because she is competent to perform the services of Bridget; while at the same time we elevate and encourage Bridget to occupy a position she can never be qualified to fill.

The speaker here alluded to happened to be one not extremely radical, therefore her services were not desired by such societies as were so, while those societies where the conservative element ruled, were over-scrupulous, and by the misconduct of a few, were needlessly suspicious of her as well, through lack of better judgment. Thus, the above mentioned lady had few, or no "calls to lecture," while the extremists, with a "one idea hobby," which they trotted out upon all occasions, were paid and petted!

Speakers and mediums, as well as Spiritualists everywhere, both rich and poor, have

got all this to consider, and much more to reconcile and act upon, for all have got something, directly or indirectly, to do, ere we can right present injustices, and hope to bring about the grand achievement of your noble purpose. Then may we well be proud, and point to the fruit of your efforts, and answer more definitely than heretofore the question: "What has Spiritualism done for humanity?"

In a future article we will consider the subject of "Education."

MRS. L. E. BAILEY.

Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 11, 1875.

MILLIONS SAVED BY THE GOSPEL!

NOT "WHAT IS THE GOSPEL."

DEDICATED TO ALL.

We do not purpose writing an essay of length upon this subject, but merely to give a few plain facts concerning the same, thus showing to all interested that THE GOSPEL is a complicated NOTHING, but the sure way to Heaven, and is based mainly on three things or facts, requiring all those who wish to become Christians to first

FIRST STEP.—Believe that Jesus is the Son of God and their only Savior, and in believing they might have life through his name.

SECOND STEP.—Repentance and turning to God, confessing Jesus as their Savior.

THIRD STEP.—Be immersed for the remission of all past sins.

Hence you see that THE GOSPEL is very plain, indeed, requiring you to accept Jesus as your only Savior, as the first step, Repentance, as the second, Immersion, for the remission of all past sins as the third, and in so doing you become a Christian; now take up the Bible and study to PRACTICE, and in doing your duty till death, by obeying its teachings you are sure of Heaven. Do not accept sprinkling or pouring as Christian Baptism, as it is NOT DIVINE, and remember that IMMERSION IS SCRIPTURAL ONLY, and for remission of sin, nothing more, nothing less, and we CHALLENGE all mankind, of our city, the State, or World, to prove anything differently, the Bible to be relied upon for proof, and will discuss the issue through the Press if our challenge is accepted.

D.

E. V. WILSON.—Dear Sir: We claim that the enclosed tract contains the fundamental basis of the true teaching of the Scriptures which saves mankind, and other teaching is not purely scriptural but something else, your teaching included; and we challenge you to sustain rightly, by sound Bible doctrine, any other way, save that contained in the tract enclosed, and wish you to name the paper you will discuss the issue through; in Evening Republican and Courier; Republican, Monday night, and Courier Tuesday morning; and in case you do not answer, we shall consider the tract as truth and Gospel teaching which is to save us.

Yours etc., D. STERLING.

East Saginaw, Dec. 20, 1874.

The above letter and tract speak for themselves; are full of assurance and egotism, and not in harmony with the direct teaching of Jesus. We quote one sentence; read it and reflect:

And behold, one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?

And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but God; but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. Math. xix., 16, 17.

We prevent the above words of Jesus as an offset against "First Step," "Second Step," "Third Step," and all other steps that D. may make.

There need be no essay written; these words are true or false, and we have no alternative but to follow Jesus or D.; and from our standpoint, we will go with Jesus this time.

In the "Third Step" there is a thought worthy our notice. Will immersion keep one from sinning through the future, or must we be immersed every time we say or think swear? Will this water bath save Dr. Fisk or Glendinning from the pretty organism of their churches? If so, would it not be well for all ministers to carry with them a portable baptism?

We will wait for D. to show us one man, woman, or child saved by his three steps; while we have lots of men and women, boys and girls returning after the stroke called death. Can D. produce a rap, let alone the friend. Come Dr. D., toe the mark and show one saved soul by or through immersion.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

IMMORTALITY NOT DESIRED.

MR. EDITOR: One Paul, in olden times, very wisely, or foolishly, asserted that "this mortal shall put on immortality." Webster defines immortality, eternal life, never-dying. If Webster is correct, then I deny Mr. Paul's

assertion, and call upon the gentleman for proof. Eternal life must mean a state of eternal conscious existence after we leave this mortal by the change called death. Can anything be added to man's nature after this change which he did not inherit within himself that will make him immortal, and yet preserve his identity?

If all there is in man is now mortal, and all that is mortal will be destroyed at death, will Paul, or any of his co-adjutors, inform us what part of the mortal man they intend to raise in the resurrection and clothe with immortality and immutability? If the above reasoning of Paul's is correct, the whole human family must be annihilated before there can be a basis upon which to rear the superstructure of immortality. Such misconceptions, contradictions, and absurdities may do for Paul and the Christians to indulge in, but no man of common sense or reason, could for a moment, accept such an array of baseless incongruities.

I contend that all men possess within themselves the seeds of positive life and negative death, and that this positive and negative principle will eternally exist, and neither can exist without the other. Positive life existence is destructive of itself, and must be recuperated or fed upon by death or unconscious sleep which is its negative. The soul of man has been, is, and eternally will be, a perpetual motion; changing from life to death, and from death to life in some form, from his first or primitive condition in the infinitesimal atom, up through all forms of organized life, to the highest developed being in the broad universe. To say that we shall die or change no more, is to deny one-half of our existence; for we are composed of the elements of life and death, and as we have eternally existed in these two elements, if one is destroyed the other must be also. Eternal life without the change called death, would become a curse, a hell of unendurable anguish.

Were I to choose for myself between eternal life or eternal death, I certainly should prefer the latter; for I can conceive of no condition so cheerless as to be obliged to drag through the cycles of eternity, a changeless body, with no means or hope of extrication.

M. L. SHERMAN, M. D.

Adrian, Mich., Jan. 4th, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE SCIENCE OF THE SPIRIT ARTISTS.

BRO. EDITOR: The Spirit World has many ways and a great variety of agents, through which to prove immortality to mankind.

The phenomena committed to the Spirit Artist, is as convincing to some skeptics, as any other phase of mediumship.

I have seen some eight men and women under this supermundane control, doing this great work to bless the world. I write concerning Willis, Dougherty, Potts, Gifford, Westfall, Wilber, and Mrs. Blair; but especially of M. Millison, with whom I have been intimately acquainted for some three years in various parts of Michigan (who is not a pretended Spirit Artist, as appeared in the R-P. Journal some time since), but one among the best, and can be addressed at L. Shaw's, Saranac, Mich. One of his beautiful pictures is at Hon. Judge Koffinber's, Constantine, Mich., several at Battle Creek, one at John Dunam's, Ionia, Mich. But the most beautiful of all is the one taken for Mr. Shaw's family, at Saranac, Mich. Bro. Millison came here last spring, a total stranger, to my knowledge. There was no collusion between the parties. He succeeded in taking a picture 4½ by 3½ feet square, with thirteen profiles, life size; seven of them members of the Shaw family. Price of picture, for drawing, \$25.00.

These friends in spirit life had not been photographed before, and appeared now to the Artist from the Summer Land as real living relatives, to cheer us all onward to our home beyond. Other artists will be remembered.

T. H. STEWART.

The other day, after a meeting of a certain famous women's club in New York, the ladies amused themselves comparing their garters, to see which wore the handsomest, for garters of extravagant expense have lately come into fashion, and several of these members wear theirs clasped with gold and precious stones. The jeweler is all introducing new designs for garter-clasps that promise shortly to cost as much as the bracelets that fashion has discarded. A charming woman and singer in society is said to wear a pair of garters that cost \$500.—New York Express.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as a suggestion of what is to be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.

God writes his gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on trees and flowers and clouds and stars.

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Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to *M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois*. Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us *living truths*, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

INCARNATION.

BY EMMA FRANCES DAWSON.

Clove-Pink! thou bringest scent-brimmed bowl
From gardens of the Long Ago,
Where dear old grandma (saintly soul!)
Loved thy rich glow.

The years that pristine vigor took,
Her inward sight and ear refined;
Upon thy leaves as on a book
She bent her mind.

"Grandma, what is it?" I would cry,
She answered, with an absent smile.
"The latest word from God. The sky
Unfolds awhile!"

When I am grown, I then would think
I, too, may message hear, like her,
By looking long within a link
See angels stir.

Like old Scriptorium, illumed
With cherub figures through the text,
Her life with charities had bloomed
Though cares perplex.

When gossips murmured o'er their tea,
And bled in this or that one spied,
"What good can now be told?" said she,
Thus turned the tide.

Such peace she made, her presence brought
A calm like that which follows prayer,
Or peal of blessed bell athwart
Hell's murky air.

The poor were helped, the rich were blest,
Who did but touch her garments' hem,
The angels missed what we possessed,
Recalled to them.

Time has not taught me grandma's grace;
Yet test thy charm, sweet Pink, I would,
Though conscious that my years embrace
No special good.

Still at thy shrine be my oblation,
For if I only "stand and wait,"
My heart is full as thine, Carnation,
And—God is great!

Thy pungent breath inflames like wine,
Like wine thy fringed depths are hued;
Thy velvet lips I lift to mine
Are fire imbued.

I look on tropic sea and sky,
I feel a soft and spicy wind
That touched the cassia and flew nigh
The tamarind.

The mangoes' massive towers arise
Like sentries while the vast woods sleep;
Stray bird-song but intensifies
The silence deep.

Gay birds and moths gleam rainbow-hued
Through trailing vines, cicadas whirr,
Shrill insects fill the solitude
With mystic stir.

I follow red flamingo where
The lotus dreams in slumbrous lake,
Where blue and silver fire-flies flare
Through tangled brake.

A low, large moon, like topaz door
To other world, lights land and sea,
Drops down these depths that no one oar
Lost argosy.

In this pellucid pool where palm
And cactus pictured are, I see—
O life! O time! this sight could charm
Eternity!

From lotus blossoms slowly rise
Familiar forms that float and fly,
"We are your dreams, your longing sighs,
Desires gone by."

Your fancies, visions unexpressed,
Chimeras vague of pensive brain,
Forgotten, lost, or unconfessed,
A mighty train.

Desires to aid though without power,
In spirit join all good deeds done,
The poor man's wish, the rich man's dower
Each count as one!"

While lost in clouds they drifted up,
The magic scene dissolved, and I
Looked long in thy enchanted cup
And wondered why!

RIPENED WOMANHOOD.

The physical change that marks an era in every woman's life, is generally looked forward to with fear and apprehension, like a mariner venturing upon an unknown shore, whose boundaries have not been discovered or its bearings known. She stands gazing wistfully across, and fails to fathom its depths, and must launch her bark and explore for herself. What wonder is it that as woman draws near this portal that closes the door of motherhood upon her, that her soul shrinks from embarking, knowing that many are lost amid the breakers of ignorance, formed of past conditions and education based thereon. And she inquires, who shall pilot her bark through the dark channel, and guide her safely over the shoals of ignorance into the broad ocean of true life lying beyond, enabling her to demonstrate through herself its law?

A knowledge of the science of life, and its governing law, can alone give her the chart and compass by which to regulate her course and steer her bark when first launched upon these waters, and through this knowledge realize that this period or change marks the third in her life, and is in advance of those preceding, endowing her with full powers of ripened womanhood, and being the culminating of all her forces into the spiritual, through nature's refining process—change, *evolving a higher*, whereby woman can realize the mighty possibilities of her nature, and search into and understand the hidden mysteries of life (having now the key to open); and in this fullness and expansion of all her powers, which is the natural result of the law of life, we recognize the true woman, of whom Mrs. Farnham, in her "Woman and her Era," says, there is no growing old; age refines and enriches, warms and illuminates, expands and exalts her. She is more and more woman through it, not less and less. Every year makes her more beautiful to the eye, more interesting to the spirit. Her intellect, loosed from the golden bonds of corporal maternity, rises to grasp the higher truths. It is all expressed in these few lines: "Oh, the ripened joy of womanhood! Oh, perfect happiness at last!"

I am more than eighty years of age—my hair too is pure white; I am the most venerable mother!
How clear is my mind! how all people draw nigh to me.
What attractions are these, beyond any before? what bloom more than the bloom of youth? What beauty is this that descends upon and rises out of me!"

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

Night has drawn her sable curtains around our earth, and I have entered the inner world—the world of thought; the world sacred to myself. There I can be alone; no one can enter to disturb my quiet rest and meditation. There I can roam through the world of which I am a pilgrim. There I can compass my soul and learn of the glorious possibilities of my own nature, and strengthen myself for renewed exertions in the outer. Quiet communion in the realms of thought gives culture to the soul and mantles it for every emergency. It also learns its power of endurance, and becomes self-poised, through surging seas of doubt, sorrow and trials, as well as through valleys of joy and happiness. 'Tis the diversity of life that rounds into symmetry and proportionate loveliness the man or woman, and gives them victory over self. In solitude the soul is able to scale the height and depth of its own immensity. Not satisfied with present aspirations, it reaches out for more beyond, more evermore. In the inner world the soul becomes active; it culls the flowers of thought and weaves them into bright garlands, with which to adorn the rooms sacred to love, music and song. It revels in its own spirit globe, because it is its rightful owner. Tyranny cannot enter within the charmed circle. Fancy roams over land and sea, bringing back rarest gems of truth and wisdom. What though the outside world jostle against us, or rob us of our earthly possessions, they cannot rob us of the ground we have earned by honest, earnest investigation. They cannot rob us of the soul's vital powers, or prevent us from drawing aside the curtain of hope which reveals to our enraptured eyes the glowing morn of fruition, when justice shall be meted out to every one as their works shall merit.

"O the world of thought is the world for me,
Where the feelings are pure, wild, gushing and free;
And the laws of man have no control,
To guide the feelings of the pure in soul."

MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

Adrian, Michigan.

WOMANLY RESOLUTIONS.

The Demands of the National Woman Suffrage Association.

At the Women's National Convention in Washington, on Thursday, Jan. 14th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the assumed power to restrict the fundamental rights of citizenship is the recognition of an inequality of rights among citizens; the establishment of political caste; essentially monarchial in spirit; and hence, fatal to the principle of self-government.

Resolved, That the assumed power of all male citizens to restrict the rights of all female citizens is based on the lowest power of force, and is unworthy the sons of American mothers.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the fact that there can be no security of liberty for any class while the most sacred rights are denied to one-

half of the people, for in this law of divine justice we see our emancipation. The moral necessities of the nation must ere long compel that justice for woman that the military and political necessities secured for black men.

Resolved, That as the growth of citizens are the outgrowth of their rights, a class denied the common rights of citizenship should be exempt from all duties to the state. Hence the Misses Smith, of Glastenbury, Conn., Abby Kelley Foster, of Worcester, Mass., who refused to pay taxes because not allowed to vote, suffered gross injustice and oppression at the hands of the state officials, who seized and sold their property for taxes.

Resolved, That to deny the rights of suffrage to the women of the nation is a dangerous innovation on the rights of men, since the assumed right to deny the right to one class is the implied right to deny it to all others. Acting on this principle, New Hampshire abridges the rights of her citizens by forbidding Catholics to hold office, and Rhode Island abridges the rights of her citizens by forbidding foreigners to vote, except on a property qualification.

Resolved, That proper self-respect and the best interests of humanity at large should lead those women who believe that their civil and political equality lies as the basis of all reform, to give their best thought, time, and money, to the elevation, education, and enfranchisement of their own sex, as of far more importance than all church or charitable interests, peace, prison, or temperance reforms, Indian policies, national fairs, or centennial birthdays, which now absorb the activities of the large majority of all women.

Resolved, That our thanks are due to the Hon. A. A. Sargent, and the other ten senators who voted for woman suffrage in Pennsylvania, and to the 40,000 brave men who went to the polls and voted for woman suffrage in Washington.

Resolved, That in the death of Martha C. Wright, the president of our National Suffrage Association; Dr. Harriet H. Hunt, the first woman in the country who entered the medical profession; the Rev. Beniah Green, and the Hon. Gerrit Smith, steadfast advocates of woman suffrage, we have in the past year been called to mourn the loss of four most efficient and self-sacrificing friends of our movement, women and men, alike true to the great principles of republican government.

To love is the only thing that can fill up eternity.

Science.

Specimens of the rose, from which the delicious perfume known as attar of roses is obtained, were recently exhibited before the Linnean Society. They came from the southern slopes of the Balkan range of mountains in European Turkey, and appear to be monthly roses of the *Centifolia* group, botanically described as the variety *damascena* of the *Rosa gallica*. The finest quality of attar of roses, however, comes from India.

Sometime ago, the presence of iron in the dust which accumulates in winter on the snows of Northern Europe, was established by the observations and analysis of Professor Nordenskiöld, who expressed the opinion that some of the particles which float in the earth's atmosphere come from interplanetary space. Later experiments on the same subject have been made in France, by M. Gaston Tissandier, and incline him to the same conclusion. They indicate that of the three parts making up atmospheric dust, one is combustible in its character, and two are mineral substances; while an appreciable quantity of iron was found in every sample tested.

Alfred Domett, the poet, describes several species of that very curious insect the phasmid, or "walking-stick," met with in New Zealand, and so called from its singular likeness to withered twigs or sticks. One species has wings like delicate leaves, and another resembles a brilliant green shoot of a plant covered with thorns. They are from three to seven inches long, with slender bodies, and legs which they lift high off the ground in walking, as if on stilts. Their movements are slow, and they will remain for a long time motionless in any position in which they are placed, on their backs, and even upright on their two hind legs and tail. Mr. Domett kept a number of these phasids under a tumbler a fortnight or more, when he found the smallest specimen dead, and partially devoured by its companions, and thereupon he killed the rest by placing them in spirits of wine.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.—In absorbing into our lungs the quantity necessary to sustain life, we inadvertently inhale whole hosts of microscopical animals, which are in suspension in the atmospheric fluid, and even portions of antediluvian animals, mummies, and skeletons of past ages. Every day and hour, this absorption of animal and vegetable life proceeds. We inhale the living microzoa, several species of which are the fish of our blood, and the vibriones, which attach themselves to our teeth, like barnacles to a ship's bottom; and with these the dust of microscopical animalcules, so small that it takes 75,000,000 to make a grain, and the no less minute grains of pollen which, germinating in our lungs, further the spread of parasitic life to a degree far beyond that of the normal life visible to our eyes.

Saws and Straws.

Fate is unpenetrated causes.—Emerson.

There is no death; what seems so is transition.

The earth does not bring forth but under the plow which rends it.

Be not hopeless for the lily because it starts in the mud.

God values men according to what they have had to walk through.

Our homes should be as holy as our churches, to say the least.

When the heart is cleft to its core, there is no speech or language.

Animals are truly neither father or mother; they are but the workmen of Nature.

Youth is the smile of the future before an unknown being, which is itself.

The general sentiment of fathers is, that children owe a debt to them for existence; but there is a fallacy in all this.

Infancy is a perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to Paradise.

To the contemplative soul there is no little-ness; the least of things is infinite.

Forgive, not with a sorrowing heart, but with a strengthened hope of better things.—Lowell.

When a human being has chosen a friend out of the entire world, it is only some faithlessness between themselves, rendering true intercourse impossible, that can justify either friend in severing the bond.—Hawthorne.

To reach the port of heaven, we must sail—sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—O. W. Holmes.

Some often repent, yet never reform; they represent a man traveling a dangerous path, who frequently starts and stops, but never turns back.

Do daily and hourly your duty; do it patiently and thoroughly. Do it as it presents itself; do it at the moment and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it is known or acknowledged or not; but do not fail to do it.

The days of chivalry are not over; they live yet in that far-off worship paid by many a youth and man to the woman whom he never dreams he shall touch so much as her little finger or the hem of her robe.

So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt with fire;
So wishes the mind remorse hath riven—
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death. —BYRON.

The glory of a people and of an age is always the work of a small number of great men, and disappears with them.

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat? Because it is first cradled, and then threshed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

It is undoubtedly a duty to acquire riches, not for the condition which they make, but for the power they confer. The wisdom, however, properly to employ them demands even more earnest study and honest endeavor.—Simms.

Coleridge says that there are four classes of readers. The first is like the hour-glass; and their readings being on the sand, it runs in and runs out and leaves no vestige behind. A second is like a sponge which imbibes everything and returns it in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third is like a jelly bag, allowing all that is pure to pass away and retaining only the refuse and dregs. The fourth is like the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, obtains only pure gems.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the bright side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks: "For every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg let him be thankful that it was not his neck. When Fenelon's library was on fire, 'God be praised,' he exclaimed, 'that it is not the dwelling of some poor man.' This is the true spirit of cheerfulness and submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on the sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life at the outset.

ANGELS IN STONES.—Michael Angelo once stubbed his foot against a stone in the street. Instead of being angry at the calamity, he remarked, "there is an angel in that stone;" he took it home, and carved out a beautiful angel, which is exhibited to travelers at this day. How many times we stub our feet at home on some of those little incidents that lie in our daily path in domestic life, when it is in our power either to leave them in the way to do us harm at another time, or by the ingenious touches of love to transform them into things of beauty—a hasty word gracefully forgiven, a ready apology for some overt act of unkindness, or for some little negligence, how good it is. We may adorn our homes with these little angels, if we will.